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WHITSUN DONATIVE,

Being a hasty Sketch of an intended Publication,
under the Title of

THE
LIFE AND OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM'S PAPA:
—k
INTERSPERSED WITH SOME CURIOUS
ANECDOTES OF
CAPT. BOBADIL SHYLOCK.

—He! that filches from me my good Name,
Robs ME of that, which not enriches HIM,
But makes ME poor indeed!—

SHAKESPEARE.

L O N D O N:
Printed for the AUTHOR.

MDCCLXXXVII.

THE

WILLIAM DOUGLASS

His Majesty's Attorney General
in the High Court of Chancery

VS

LIEUTENANT COLONEL

3

OF

BRITISH



MUSEUM

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

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OF PATENTS

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104

DEDICATION *prefixed to the* MOUNTAINEERS.

A Tragic, Comic, Operatical, Farce;
The principal parts by DOCTOR CAIUS,
The others by JUSTICE SHALLOW.

To the valiant BOBADIL SHYLOCK. *Esq.*
Second Captain of a Company of the THIRD REGIMENT
of SAFE-GUARDS, in the City of
LONDON.

MASTER *of the* CEREMONIES
of the QUEEN-STREET ASSEMBLY
in the CITY of WESTMINSTER,
&c. &c. &c.

SIR,

“MANY and various motives have
“**M** concurred to give a peculiar
“propriety to the fond wish I had form-
“ed, of making this humble offering to
“the shrine” of MY SUPERIOR
“OFFICER “*in rank, fortune, and*
“abilities;”

“*abilites* ;” and, I am well persuaded,
 if you should perceive that I am anxious
 to evince myself “your equal in honour,
 courage,” and birth,—your candour
 will commend my zeal,—as “the greatest
 can but blaze and pass away.”—There-
 fore, when *advanced age* and *faithful*
services may render it necessary for you
 to retire from that busy stage, which
 you now tread with such inimitable
 GRACE; when your wisdom, huma-
 nity, and integrity, will give you a
 better right to expect the CUSTOS
 ROTULORUM, to permit you to
 have a seat among the learned QUO-
 RUM, and you will demonstrate a just
 claim to the farther honour of knight-
 hood, as that title will certainly succeed
 the other appointment, and as your
 merit will, of course, give you every
 reason to expect a *pension* ; you may thus
 close the remainder of a well-spent life,
 with

with all your “ blushing *honours* *thick* upon you.”

Then, Sir, I hope you will use your ALL-PREVAILING (not *secret*) INFLUENCE with the COLONEL, to exert his powerful interest with the GENERAL, to gain me such promotion as my steady exertions in the cause of TRUTH may, in your opinion, merit; for, I am bold to affirm, that, when YOU go, there will not be YOUR fellow left behind. WHO will then be so regardless of that HIGH RANK, which you *now* hold? WHO, that succeeds you, will condescend to represent *complaints*, which have no FOUNDATION, merely to evince his *invincible* attachment to *strict discipline*?

When *honour* is the principle that actuates such conduct, how *pure* the design, how *satisfactory* the conclusion? I say, Sir, all the world must commend.

me for doing *justice* to a character "*so known, so honoured*" at Freemasons Hall.

I have felt an honest indignation at all the invidious and odious allusions of a DRUMMER, when attempted to be applied to you.

I will therefore, Sir, take the liberty to assure those who have entertained this idea, that they are wrong,—quite mistaken.—You told me the *whole* story one day, and I believed *part* of it, because you could have no *interest* in deceiving me.

The

The S T O R Y.

“SOME people have been scandalous enough to assert, that I was once a DRUMMER, but it is a gross falsehood;—my brother, indeed, was, when young, so very *partial* to music *martial*, that he ran away from his father, and entered as a *drummer*” in the county militia, or on-board of ship, I forget which, and indeed it is very immaterial, as you have *convinced* ME, that you never were a drummer; but, as you are in the constant practice of *flogging* the poor *privates*, I suppose that is the reason why the world has been led into the error.

I must now, my *noble captain*, take notice of that *part*, which you did not then explain, and which occurred to me with double force, when I last heard

Mrs. Kennedy sing; for, what occasion
 was there for him to pack up his tatters
 and follow the drum, with *his little*
 ROW-DE-DOW, *row-de-dow*, &c. &c.
 when *you*, who staid at home, and
 would, I am sure, rather *run from* than
to the sound of a DRUM, were content
 with that more humble and less honour-
 able occupation of selling ———
 ———GINGERBREAD,———
 ——— which, I hope, you are not
 ashamed to acknowledge; therefore I
 would recommend you immediately to
 print, publish, and sing, the following
 song, as you did heretofore; and, as you
 can sing, if you won't sing, you ought
 to be made to sing.

At *Taunton Deane* in SOMERSETSHIRE,
 I lived, as I do declare;
 My father he bak'd gingerbread,
 Which I did carry on my head;
 And all the day it was my lot,
 To go about, and cry All hot.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Hot spiced gingerbread,
 Horns for your honour's head.*
 Taste a nice seasoned mutton-pie,
 "They're nation goed," the clowns did cry;
 Toss off, and I'll call tail,
 Then if I win, you fail,

Of having mutton-pie or custard.

The boobies then look'd discontent,
 As if on mischief they were bent;
 They *once* my basket kick'd about,
 And threw my merchandize all out;
 I made them pay *tit* for their *tat*,
 They hiss'd me out o'the town for that.

PRAY, *was not this most cu'st hard.*

Now don't let your gentle nature be
 ruffled by my telling the whole truth of
 you, as I will certainly relate nothing but
 the truth about myself.—Though *your*
 father was a gingerbread-baker, still *mine*
 was only a blacksmith; and, as I am
 one of Vulcan's sons, whose business it

* He could not mean the noble knight,

Whose seat is in the Isle — — — —

is to forge *thunderbolts*, if perchance one of them should light in Crownstreet—be not alarmed, my *valiant* captain, for, “never did I see the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread;”

But CONSCIENCE, thou unerring monitor! *thy* calls sooner or later *will* be heard; *who* shall say, I regard not thy remonstrances? for, though a man may be as hardened in guilt as *Richard*; though he may brave *thy* upbraidings with as much power of sophistry as **Gloster's bastard* did—yet *conscience—conscience*; even the ambition and cruelties of *Lady Macbeth* could not turn a deaf ear to *thy* reproaches—even in her very sleep, didst *thou* “harrow up her soul;” no rest could the downy pillow of royalty itself yield to *her* guilty mind. Therefore, how supremely happy ought you to be; with what transport may you bless your propitious stars, that you are

NOT

* See King Lear.

*not a traitor, or a murderer, like one of these. As to your trifling foibles, (and who is without some?) they must appear (to you) like a "cockboat to a man of war," or "a drop of water to the ocean," when your many virtues "pensantur eâdem trutinâ."**

You know, Sir, I hate flattery too much to have ever paid you a single compliment upon your *courage* or *generosity*, the *two* true characteristics of a good soldier.

Though your *acts of prowess* and *works of liberality* have been hitherto concealed from me; those who have been honoured with your confidence, can, I hope, give testimony of your *matchless worth*, and though you have not yet been EXALTED according to your

* "Are weighed in the same scale." Vide Mr. Wilkes's Dedication to the Fall of Mortimer.

merit, remember that “ virtue is its own reward.”

Now, Sir, I will convince the world, that I am not one of those *fawning, cringing, sycophantic*, SCOUNDRELS, who can speak you fair, and wait an opportunity to destroy your fame. I detest a deed so black.

VILLANY like that my soul abhors.—’Twere pity, but such conduct should receive public reprobation. To be broken as an officer, and expelled the service with some lasting mark of chastisement, could scarcely equal so foul an action.

But let not this *ignis fatuus* create Alarm.

You never did (I hope) attempt to *injure* a brother officer, because the general honoured him with a private audience.—*You* surely never could represent to the colonel, that he had made a breach in the general orders. It is impossible, that a good commander can
take

take a pleasure in bringing his junior officers to a *court-martial*; but if obedience to your instructions, or that nice sense of duty, which accompanies a truly valiant captain, rendered it indispensably necessary for *you* to prefer a complaint against *him*, your honour should have induced you to have done it with the tenderest regard to a *soldier's* reputation; your humanity should have prompted you to have laid it with the most feeling attention to the situation of his FAMILY; your regard to truth should have prevented you from being guilty of TWO INFAMOUS, INTENTIONAL, GROSS, FALSEHOODS, *to have supported those base charges*; your caution, too, should have kept you more upon your guard than to have added a *third declaration*, as void of veracity as the former *two*, “ that you had been with the colonel, and learnt the particulars

culars of the proposal, which this subaltern had presumptuously laid before the general, to give him the command of *twenty men*, but that *you had outwitted him*.

“ *Whatever stains YOUR honour must be false.*”

Therefore I most earnestly beseech you to *prove* your accusation, *confute* his, and let the censure fall with redoubled weight on *him* that does deserve this load of *calumny*.

This daring young officer says, that, not content with misrepresenting every expression he made use of, you evinced your malice propense and evil aforethought beyond contradiction, by the time and manner you took to effect your purpose.—This *barbarous, shocking, cruel, and inhuman, MURDER* of his reputation, was attempted to be perpetrated while he was exerting every effort to rescue two of his brothers, whom
an

an enemy had decoyed from their own lines, and was endeavouring to make them prisoners, in order to carry them with *him* to the——Gazette.

He had also related the particulars of the action to the GENERAL, without acquainting *his captain*.

THESE, he avers, are the only crimes he has committed against general orders, or *your authority*; and therefore, he says, he is happy in the reflection, that your cobweb toils could not ensnare him; but he ardently prays (as cunning and cowardice are frequently united in one character) that *you may fall into the well, (and drown yourself too,)* in that very self-same well, which *you for him did dig*.

Don't you, my *noble valiant, captain*, if you should unfortunately be without any witnesses to prove *your innocence*; don't you now be instigated by the DEVIL, to go and *hang yourself*, as

Judas

Judas did; no, do as Peter did; “Weep, repent,” and sin no more. But, if your heart (like Pharaoh’s of old) be so hardened, that you cannot repent, don’t be tempted to put an end to your own existence, for there is no repentance in the grave; nor, don’t you be exasperated to *draw* your pretty sword, that you have so often *worn* at the Westminster assemblies; don’t you go to be so unfeeling as to *run* it through *one of his small guts*, and send *him* out of the world before his time, with *his accounts not half made up*;—that would be adding iniquity to sin; *his blood* would be on *your head*. Rather leave this hateful place, fly to the south of Wales, and find out the long-winded parson, whose pretended zeal to save the *souls* of others, made him entirely regardless of the security of *his own*; who, after canting and whining to his pious congrega-

congregation for a full hour by the Borough clock, was so heedless of those very admonitions which he had endeavoured to impress upon the minds of his attentive auditors but a few moments before, was so *deaf* to the loud cries of *charity*, as to do a *deed* more *heinous* in the sight of *God*, more *shocking* in the eyes of *man*, more *horrible* in its *nature*, more *terrible* in its *effect*, than human depravity was thought capable of committing, — especially when clothed in the *garments* of our *pure religion*; *veiled* too with every *external appearance* of *Sanctity*, and exercising the most *sacred function* of his *holy office*; so *daring* an outrage against the *poor* can never in *this world* be *forgotten*, and no DYER but ONE (as the Methodists use this simile) can ever eradicate the blot in the *world to come*. By *his* intercession only can we ever be *forgiven*.

Oh Bobadil Shylock, Esquire, how transitory are this world's honours; he is now as much neglected by the honest Welchmen as he was heretofore caressed by the *enlightened* crouds who used so eagerly to "drink in" his ill-digested doctrine; do you, my valiant commander, seek the dark recesses of this forsaken clergyman. And, as

"Musick hath charms to soothe the savage"

BEASTS,

"To soften rocks and bend the" NANNY

GOATS:

Do you, when they are tired of his tedious harangues, make use of your pipe and tabor, and teach them all to dance the *Minuet de la Cour*, the *Gavot*, the *Cotillion*, or whatever you with the learned DOCTOR's concurring opinion, may think will render them *completest and best dancers*, under your *directions*, or *virtuousest and wisest disciples*
under

under *his doctrines*. How can they fail of improvement under such a *pious monitor* and *pleasing instructor* !

So, good morrow to your nightcap.

*Arguments against the Publication.*S C E N E *Moorfields.**Past ten o'clock and a moonlight night.*

Enter the AUTHOR disguised like EDGAR in King Lear, and his friend EUGENIUS in the habit of a CRITIC.

C R I T I C.

EDGAR, your friends are much divided in opinion respecting your intention of commencing Author. One half of them think you are mad, the other half a fool; for my own part, I believe they are both pretty right.

Edgar. My dear fellow, I know your friendship for me is sincere, therefore I am not displeased at your observations; but, after having promised me your company to hear my life and opinions read,

to tell me with such an emphasis, that *you were engaged on Sunday*; thus to condemn your friend unheard—indeed you are too severe! to wish me to consign a whole week's labour to oblivion, without consulting the sentiments of those by whom I will implicitly be guided.—By heavens 'tis too bad.—What! shall I prefer your single judgment to that of Messrs. G. H. I. K. L. M. N. and O. I'll strike out the conjunction copulative and take the two last initials thus,

N O.

Though I regard your friendship much, still will I take the decision of these gentlemen before any egotist's in the creation.

Don't you be offended; you know I esteem you, and I have great reason so to do; but, as the language of friendship is truth, and as you speak your sentiments so candidly to me, I have an un-

B 3

doubted

doubted right to make you this return, the only one at present in my power. Your meaning I know is good, so is mine.

Critic walks about singing,

“ I am mad Tom, behold me ! ”

Enter Dr. Monro and Lord George Gordon.

Prithee now, good Doctor, is it the conduct of a maniac to consult his friends before he ventures himself among an innumerable host of Reviewers, who would cut him to pieces as they did poor Yorick ?

Tell me, my good lord, is it an instance of folly for a man to take the counsel of a chosen few, before he rashly presumes to assemble a MOB of critics about his house, to pull it down about his ears, to set his books on fire, proclaim loud huzzas over the light, then
give

give the ashes to the whistling wind, as the rabble did in Bloomsbury-square, without any authority whatever.

Edgar sings,

- “ Tom fool thinks nothing,
 “ Tom fool means nothing,
 “ What Tom fool says has no sense.
 “ Fol lol de riddle dol, &c.”
 (See music to Harlequin every where.)

Exeunt Lord George Gordon and
 Dr. Monro,

Edgar to the Critic.

Such conduct, my esteemed friend,
 “ *would drive the boldest stoic to despair;*”
 I will appeal to this great luminary for my birth-right as an Englishman, to become an author, printer, and publisher of my life and opinions; and, if any part of them should be found inconsistent with rectitude, I hope the candid

reader will attribute the error to the head and not the heart.

Exeunt Critic and Edgar.

Scene closes.

A R A N D O M S H O T.

Should it strike against the SPIRE of Saint Stephen's chapel, (ay there's the rub!) then batter the fortifications in Privy-gardens, the engineer will not be less worthy of commendation.

Enemies he knew there were; and, if the master general of the ordnance had intelligence that STRONG ERECTIONS were absolutely necessary to defend us against the ATTACKS of our NATURAL opponent——

his Grace's precautions were laudable; for, (as the tailors say) a STITCH in time will save NINE, therefore every preparation for a VIGOROUS resistance

ance was strictly conformable to the laws of war, in that CASE made and provided.

It is but a poor compensation for thus reviving in his Grace's recollection, the failure of that scheme, in the execution and completion of which his GREAT soul was as much interested as the generous nature of my uncle Toby was to raise his distressed brother-officer from his bed of sickness. I say, it is but a sorry atonement to remind him of the succour and assistance which his Grace, unsolicited too, was offered by *mighty* TOMMY THUMB.

This gentleman, like Capt. Bobadil, has no real courage, and is indeed as GREAT a coward as ever wore a sword; he would have been afraid to have defended you against the most despicable of the rioters, even though they had been as tame as the ragged regiment that Falstaff raised—out upon it—out upon

upon it—go to—ask the pardon of his Grace, I know his tender soul will melt to see you “thus humbled in the dust,” to view your fallen state. “Alas, how fallen! from what height fallen! YOUR sin is set NEVER to rise again.”

When that philanthropic spirit of tenderness, which shone conspicuous in Captain Shandy, and evinced his anxious endeavours to make the poor lieutenant march as well as himself; and when by his faithful corporal's not paying that reverence to his physical opinion, which he would have done to his instructions upon fortification, my uncle Toby's gentle nature was urged to take his Maker's name in vain; yet in that impotent oath did his humanity appear with greater lustre, than the proud Levite did manifest in the parable of the good Samaritan; he proved himself possessed of so copious a portion of the “milk of human kindness,” that his heart

heart was open to the distresses of every being who wore the dignified form of man. The miserable object, who had been wounded by the thieves, was as much a stranger to him as the poor lieutenant was to Captain Shandy; yet the same sentiments (though at such distant periods) actuated each, and set mankind a glorious example of benevolence.

My Uncle Toby was not so successful in his efforts to raise Lefevre from his bed of sickness. And, though he used his most prevailing arguments, his most persuasive eloquence, yet he could not induce his faithful servant to believe that the officer would ever march but to his grave; for, I understand Trim was once a sort of an assistant to the surgeon of the regiment, and therefore fancied himself as competent to form a judgement upon the poor lieutenant's case, as the speaker did upon the fortifications, when he gave a casting vote against the
 opinion

Opinion of your grace. But, I verily believe, he acted from the dictates of as good a head and sound a heart as the corporal's. He was convinced that the good of your country was the only object, as Trim was that his master had no other view but to relieve the necessities of his brother-officer,—to cheer his heart, and brighten the gloomy countenance of his afflicted son; but the faithful corporal thought as the honest speaker did.

Though he esteems your grace, as every man must who knows your many virtues; and, though he admired your zeal in forming this great plan, and the ardour of Mr. Pitt in supporting it; yet all would not do. No:—Captain Macbride was so strenuous in maintaining the all-sufficiency of the wooden walls of Old England to protect us both now and for evermore—Amen.

God grant they may!—

I honour a military man as much as my Uncle Toby did ; but I am not an advocate in favour of large standing armies ; for, when they get above the civil power, they sometimes are insolent, as I shall give you an instance (if I don't forget it) in the course of my Life and Opinions.

I must now beg permission to remind your grace of the arguments of that brave veteran, Colonel Barré ; a name that will never be *mentioned* without reverence, — at least by me. He was fully persuaded,

That, should they invade us, these terrible foes,
Who frighten our women, our children, and
beaux ;

And should their flat bottoms in darkness get
o'er,

Still Britons they'd find to receive them on shore.

Hearts of oak are our ships,

Hearts of oak are our men,

We always are ready, steady, boys, steady,

To fight and to conquer again and again.

I must also pay that tribute of respect to the minister, which, on that occasion, he so highly merited ; for, he certainly did support the question with as much force of reasoning, and power of eloquence, as his splendid talents, and finished education rendered him so fully competent to.

Your grace will pardon the presumption, if I declare that, in my opinion, he displayed in that speech as much knowledge of fortifications as if he every night exercised his strength in *throwing up* an INTRENCHMENT, and every morning exerted his efforts in gaining possession of *an enemy's COVERED WAY*. Yet all your grace's anxious wishes were frustrated, his strenuous support rendered of no effect, by the speaker's casting vote. A speaker of the minister's own proposing, and whose conduct, upon every occasion, had given satisfaction, even to your grace.

Though

Though his vote upon the fortifications might not be pleasing to the Master-General of the Ordnance, and, though your grace might be tempted to pronounce, that he had acted more like a senator than an engineer, yet he divided as his conscience dictated, and, in that respect, you will esteem him for giving a vote, which, as it was directed by honour, is justly intitled to applause.

Though your great soul was as much interested in the event of this motion as the generous nature of my Uncle Toby was in the fate of Lefevre; yet, my lord, remember he failed in the attempt as well as your grace; and, though he might lament that his success had not been equal to the good Samaritan's, yet, as a Christian, he must have been content in reflecting that

No oil or wine can heal the wound of death,
Nor mortal pow'r avert the stroke of fate.

A T R U I S M.

The author declares, that, if there is the least merit in any part of his Life or Opinions, he owes it all, under God, to those writers whose works have accidentally fallen into his hands.

He does not mean to attempt originality of sentiment or expression; but, having written more in one week, and *with one pen*, than he supposes any author ever did before, he called a chosen few of his friends together to consult them how to act; but he has not yet been able to obtain the decisive opinion even of one of them; for, the printing and publishing would certainly cost him some hundreds of pounds, and it is very uncertain whether a sufficient number could be sold to reimburse the expences: and he is, like most authors, very unable to sustain the loss of so large a sum; besides,

besides, if he could bear it, prudence dictates that he should not risk so much property upon his own shallow brain : particularly as Tristram must have all his father's *freehold estates*, and Eugeni-
 us will, after his mother's death, (which, pray God, may be many years first,) have *her jointure*, poor little Harriet would not have a shilling for her dower if he were to hazard his substance on so precarious a chance as the public approbation of his poor writings.

Though his uncle wrote twelve books with as much success as his laborious works merited ; yet the author's education has been very limited ; — his uncle's was very liberal. The author is incapable of study, — his uncle could give close application to it. The author never saw his uncle, and therefore does not know how long he was inditing his works ; but the author will prove that his intended publication was

written in seven days, one night, and a half.

Corrections it will of course be in much need of, and he has been happy enough to receive the promise of a literary gentleman to do the needful for him. And, if the noble alderman whom he has requested to patronise him should be equally condescending, then he'll sing,

“ O the roast beef of old England,

“ And O the old English roast beef.”

He has two motives for wishing this alderman to take him under his protection. *Gratitude*, as he is the only nobleman the author ever solicited for a place, and he *promised* his interest, which the author is well-convinced was then equal to his worship's intention of providing for him in the humble sphere he is calculated to move; but, before the time *arrived* for the author to wait on him a *second* time, he was placed in a situation

situation equal to his most sanguine expectations.

His worship is, besides being a man of feeling, an eccentric genius, that is a second consideration; and, if his captain should be inclined to insert vanity, as a third inducement, Tristram's Papa will not quarrel with him about it; for, why should not he make it known to the world that he has been acquainted with dukes and lords, and great men, as well as *Captain Skylock*, so long as he don't boast of their having ever been sufficiently acquainted with him to take an asylum in his house from the lawless rabble's power.

The author has adopted the expedient of printing these sheets, which he gives to the world "without money and without price:" that, if they should be inclined to look down with an eye of pity and compassion on the first production of an insignificant mortal, who, on the

20th of April last, had as little idea of commencing author as he at present has of becoming a member of Parliament for one of the Universities, or as my Lord Hawkesbury had twenty years ago of a seat in the House of Peers, or, what is the most wonderful of all wonders that ever the world wondered at, that the author of the North Briton, No. 45, which "*appeared in all the Papers of the 13th of April,*" should, on the 9th of May, second a question to prevent an inquiry into Indian Delinquency. To vote against his friend, the honest, upright, and, I verily believe, independent, minister, on a motion of this magnitude and importance, which will give the late Governor General an opportunity of vindicating his character from the foul imputations under which it at present labours, if innocent; or to screen a man from punishment if he should appear guilty; is a conduct in *him* as irreconcilable

reconcilable as *his* leaving the honest English Courtenay, to vote with the Lord Advocate of Scotland, or that he should call the virtuous majority that voted the impeachment of Mr. Hastings a *faction*. But, perhaps, *he now* has different notions about the meaning of *that word* to what he had in 1763. He must too have forgotten his friend Churchill's Prophecy of Famine, otherwise he would never leave this blessed land of peace and plenty, to "gang to bonny Scotland, over the hills and far away, and through the woods laddie;" and all for the sake of Warren Hastings-O. But, indeed, Mr. Chamberlain, the world is not so *green* as to suppose, that the Highlands are without some pleasant views, though, as this witty senator observes, *you*, perhaps, would look a little obliquely at them.

The unalterable resolution of the author is rather to extenuate *much* "than

set down *ought* in malice :” therefore, such kings, queens, princes, princesses, dukes, duchesses, marquisses, marchionesses, earls, countesses, viscounts, viscountesses, lords, ladies, and gentlemen, as may be inclined to countenance his work, are hereby requested to observe, that (if this humble attempt to excite their attention should be thought worthy of notice) two volumes of it will most probably be ready by the next meeting of Parliament; but he is too conscious of his own insignificance to risk a publication without first submitting a specimen for their determination; and, if it should meet with silent neglect or avowed contempt, though he may be **DISAPPOINTED**, he will invoke every philosophic power not to appear **DISSATISFIED**. The author, therefore, humbly suggests this mode of gaining the opinion of the world, to which he will most implicitly submit, with that deference

ference and respect, which he considers himself as in duty bound ever to pay.

A CRUST FOR THE CRITICS.

The following arithmetical question is as easy to be answered by any person who has learned the Rule of Three, as it is for me to solve a problem in Euclid's Elements :

N A M E L Y,

If poker, tongs, and shovel, cost three guineas ; what will a chaldron of coals come to ?

It was propounded to me this eleventh day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, seven hundred, and eighty seven ; and in the twenty-seventh year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Third, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, and so forth.

And I ardently pray that the King of Kings will long preserve him in as

good health as he appeared to me to say, when he was going to Blackheath to review his troops, and I was hastening to town to write to HIS *landlord*; for, my uncle had the honour of letting some premises to the Honourable Commissioners of the
and they have too much trouble in receiving to take much pains about paying any body except *themselves*.

But, “ may it please your majesty to condescend so far as to permit” a humble, obscure, being, like myself, to observe, that your royal mind seemed deep involved in thought: pardon me, dread Sire, if I presume to guess the cause. Thou best of kings, most affectionate of husbands, and tenderest of fathers! Oh! had I the eloquence of Tancred! did I possess the energy of Eumenes! were I blessed with the sentiments of Sterne! I would place myself at the foot of your august throne,
and

and plead the cause of your *afflicted* son. Can amusements lull his sorrows? Can beauty sooth his cares? Alas! his heart cannot rejoice: not Handel's soft music can brighten his countenance, while under the weight of his king's displeasure! under the rod of his father's anger! Could I but touch one cord of your sympathetic heart, which melts even at a tale of *fancied* woe, I would call to your remembrance the feelings of youth; when, if there is one spark of tender sensibility, if there is one seed of generous humanity, it will spring forth; and, when its stream issues from royalty, if, perchance, it *does* overflow the banks of prudence, should the source be liberality, — it is then a glorious fault! Should his expanded mind and inexperienced years have betrayed him into profusion, you will not, my liege, suffer him to languish in obscurity, and refuse your aid to call him to his rank,
which

which your loyal subjects ardently hope he will, under your auspices, assume with such œconomy as may to you seem meet. All England is anxiously looking for a Gazette to announce this expected reconciliation.

Were I in any secret corner hid, and, unperceived, could view the ROYAL SIRE with open arms receive his dearly beloved, his first-born, SON, heir to his “vast domains,” the sight would be more glorious far than any installation.—To behold the royal parent with the princely heir entwined, must give as much heartfelt gratification to the REAL friends to the House of HANOVER, as ever the author of the NORTH BRITON knew when he wrote it, or as the secretaries of state experienced when they issued out the GENERAL WARRANT against the authors, printers, and publishers of

IF the MINISTER of the crown did forebode that his royal lord's PRE-ROGATIVES were intrenched.—HIS INFLUENCE was rightly used to condemn it as a

LIBEL.

If “ the *mad* SEDITIOUS TRIBUNE of the people,” did apprehend that his fellow-subjects LIBERTIES were invaded—his STEADY ZEAL was laudably exerted, from the Journals of the house, to have expunged so unjust a sentence, so precipitate a

VOTE.

If in him that sacred bulwark of our rights,

MAGNA CHARTA,

was violated, how satisfactory must be the retrospection of his successful endeavours to prevent so daring an attack being hereafter made upon an ENGLISH-MAN. But, thanks to these “ halycon days” of conciliation; our ears are no
more

more shocked with the opprobrious language that the author of the Essay on Woman

“ was a blasphemer of his GOD,”
or, that the proud Scot “ held principles incompatible with freedom.”

We are now blessed with a MINISTER, whose every exertion, in MY OPINION, demonstrates that he is in the full possession of those sentiments, which Mr. Wilkes so much extolled in his noble father.

And no instance can more fully demonstrate his independence of any POWER behind the THRONE than his conduct in the East-India business: he candidly acknowledged, that the Arguments of THOSE, who in every political measure are his most violent opponents had stamp'd conviction on his mind, that the charges were just, that the delinquent ought to be impeached, and, if found guilty, deserved such punishments

nishments as his *noble jurors* should think proper to inflict. God forbid that I should be thought capable of pronouncing sentence against this great Saviour of our dominions in the East.—I heartily wish he may have evidence to prove the fact; and if necessity, the common tyrant's plea, should have obliged him, against his CONSCIENCE, to depose a few princes, or cut the throats of a few Rajahs; though, as Christians, we may (with HIM) lament the cause, yet when the effect has been so glorious—all censure will be drowned in applause.

As to his stripping the Begums and Bow-Begum of their jewels; if public exigences required these baubles, HIS heart would never upbraid him with so trivial an offence: as, if report say true, it IS no uncommon thing in this country, for young damsels to be divested of ALL those garments which FASHION has invented to conceal
that

that jewel of inestimable value, more precious to blooming virgins than even life itself; even in THIS age of refinement, I have heard that the Right Honourable Lord Twitch-her has had a dozen of them clothed only with a thin BUFF-coloured fig-leaf, dancing to the tune of the—————

And, if the PIOUS "*monks of St. Francis*" have occasionally been diverted with such *innocent* entertainment, what has the world to do with it? Shall vile PLEBEIAN vulgar notions presume to form an opinion of ARISTOCRATICAL *private amusement*? much less ought the *squinting* purblind LAITY to enjoy the LIBERTY of even *thinking* about the sacred rites of "MEDNENHAM ABBEY."

Our upright minister felt himself superior to party prejudice, and openly avowed it.—HE quitted the whole INDIAN SQUAD, and voted with the
COALI-

COALITION phalanx.--Thus did the Chancellor of the Exchequer: not so with the Chamberlain of London; he deserted the INDEPENDENT minister, whom on most other occasions he supports; but then he divided with the Lord Advocate of Scotland, and perhaps he NOW repents of his galling satires against the GREAT NORTHERN THANE, therefore is offering up a peace oblation to the THEN *favourite*; for, what atonement can a mortal make, what sacrifice upon the altar lay more precious, than his CONSCIENCE; and as this gentleman quotes the fine words of Dryden, "FREEDOM is the Englishman's PREROGATIVE," he will commend me for exercising a privilege, which *he* ONCE so fully enjoyed; *he* now has finished his intended work, and sits down with comfort, enjoying the pleasing reflection of a good conscience; (IF IT IS NOT YET CONSUMED) *he* now views with rapture

ture those laurels which *his* PATRIOTISM won.

However, Sir, I hope you will permit me to call your attention to a business of as much concern to you now as liberty was HERETOFORE.—Remember, “The hour of attack approaches;” you must before the HONEST citizens appear, and they perchance may think that a man who has no other PRINCIPLE than his own INTEREST, is unworthy to be elected their
TREASURER.

Oh, patriots! patriots! when it shall please Almighty God to exchange our VENERABLE monarch’s *earthly* crown for a HEAVENLY one, which fadeth not away,—may his BELOVED son be possessed of all the virtues of his REVERED sire, and may HIS throne be established in RIGHTEOUSNESS!——

Every BRITON, who feels the TRUE AMOR PATRIÆ, with warmest zeal, purest devotion, and most fervent ardour, from the bottom of his soul, will echo A M E N !

A C A R D.

The author having written his thoughts previous to that reconciliation, which every true born Briton so devoutly wished, he does not perceive any impropriety in publishing his opinion upon the subject. ("Low as his lot is cast.") If he experiences such sentiments of attachment to the royal personages immediately concerned, _____ what heartfelt satisfaction must those virtuous senators receive, in the reflection of having been the happy instruments of effecting this consummation !

If the author was not blessed with the power, he had as much zealous inclination "as the proudest lord in parliament."

And, though he might with truth affirm, in the language of a favourite author, that "he envies them their feelings,"

ings," yet, remember, thou great keeper of our Sovereign's conscience,—that the hearts of **KINGS** are in **HIS** rule and governance, before **WHOM** we shortly must appear.—And when the books of **HEAVEN'S CHANCERY** shall be opened, may we then find that every spot of ours has been——

"BLOTTED OUT FOR EVER!"



20 JY 64

Any communications to the Author are requested to be addressed for J. F. at the Bar of the Stock-Exchange-Coffee-House, which will be safely conveyed to him, and respectfully attended to by

Your Worship's

devoted Servant,

TRISTRAM's PAPA.

E R R A T A.

Page 14, line 8 from the bottom, for *propense*
read *prepenſe*.

Page 23, 7th line from the bottom, for *boldeſt*
read *coldeſt*.

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Entered at Stationers-Hall.

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20 JY 64